

The *Esther* ~~Hiker~~ *Annual Meeting*  
Richards

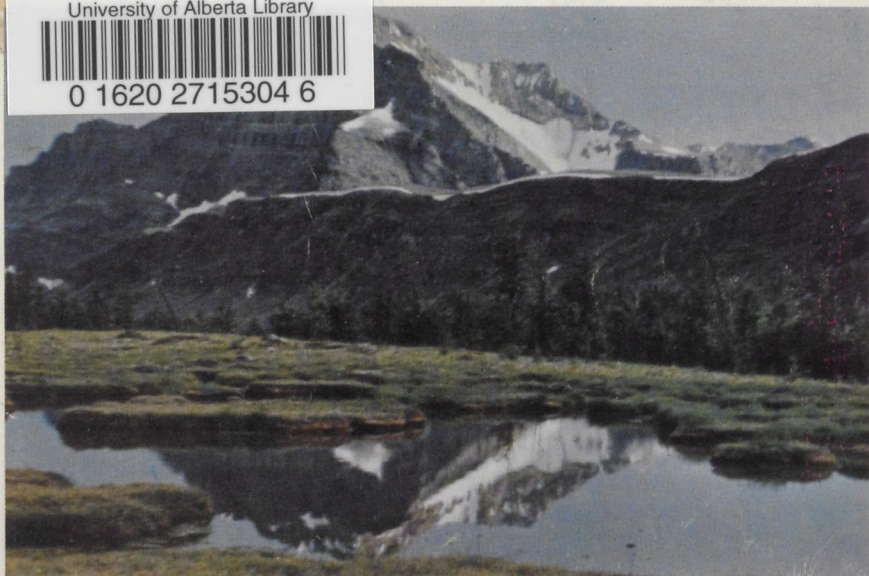
# BULLETIN

TRAIL RIDERS AND SKYLINE HIKERS OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

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MONARCH MOUNTAIN AND RIDGE, Egypt Lake Area



EARLY MORNING REFLECTION IN LAKE O'HARA





E G Y P T L A K E A R E A (S. W. of Banff in the  
FOR TRAIL RIDERS National Park)

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47th Annual

Trail Rides - each is a six day ride - \$140.00 per person

JULY DATES: Sunday, July 12 to Friday, July 17, 1970.

Sunday, July 19 to Friday, July 24.

AUGUST DATES: Monday, August 10 to Saturday, August 15.

Monday, August 17 to Saturday, August 22.

Monday, August 24 to Saturday, August 29.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: (seven members)

Mrs. Lois Laycraft 1423-Carlyle Rd. SW, Calgary 9, 252-5996  
(Pres. & Chairman)

Mr. Sol Lipkind 605-607 Second St. SE " 21, 262-2982

Mr. Willard J. Neilson 2840-11th St. S. W., Calgary 6, 243-7433

John D. Petrie, Q. C., 940-Calgary House, " 2, 263-0550

John H. Waite, 711-Texaco Bldg., Calgary 2, 265-2600

Mrs. Muriel E. Walter, #3, 1610-28 Ave., SW " 7, 244-0192

Howard C. Watkins 5024 - 15th St. S. W., " 7, 243-3744

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RENEW YOUR \$3.00 MEMBERSHIPS NOW!

IF YOU PLAN TO JOIN A RIDE OR HIKE, RESERVE NOW!

RIDERS: Secretary-Treasurer, Box 6742, Station "D", Calgary 2,  
or Mrs. M. Walter, Telephone 252-5996 or 244-0192.

HIKERS: Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Lou W. Shulman,  
622-Madison Ave. S. W., Calgary 6 or telephone 243-1338.

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L A K E O ' H A R A FOR SKYLINE HIKERS  
(South of Lake Wapta, B. C., Yoho National Park)

38th Annual

Skyline Hikes - three and each is a five day hike. The price is  
\$82.00 per person which includes bus fare to the  
trailhead and return (near Lake Wapta, B. C.)

Dates: Saturday, July 25 to Wednesday, July 29, 1970.

Thursday, July 30 to Monday, August 3,

Tuesday, August 4 to Saturday, August 8.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

Miss Mary S. Lore (Chairman) 1621-4th St. NW, Calgary 41, \*\*

Miss Jeanne Hunt 2020 - 25th Street S. W., Calgary 4.

Louis W. Shulman 622 - Madison Ave. SW, " 6, 243-1338

Robert Loudon 131-Cornwallis Dr. NW "43, 289-7159

Jack Crossley 3822-1st St. SW, Calgary 6, 243-8756

Jim Barber 368-Hendon Dr. NW, " 47, 282-4370

Howard Herrle 630-21 Ave. NW, Calgary 43, 289-5034

Robert L. Jones 1411-24 St. S. W., Calgary 4, 246-3184

Ian MacKenzie Box 93, Strathmore, Alta. 1-382-3045

Tom Royan 6423 Lakeview Dr. SW, Calgary 8, 249-6413

Miss Marian Goldstrom, 4133-36th St., Red Deer, Alta. 1-346-5768

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ASSOCIATION BULLETIN EDITOR: Address all correspondence  
regarding the Riders' and Hikers' publication to the Editor please. \*\*

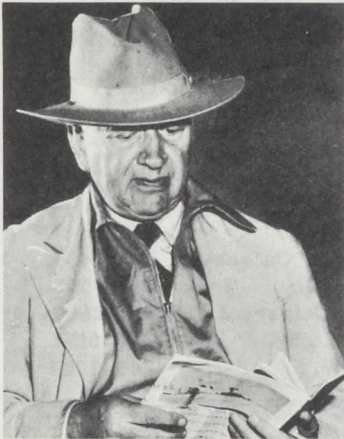
\*\* Miss Mary S. Lore, 1621-4th St. NW., Calgary 41, Alta. 289-6453

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Historical Note: Dr. John Murray Gibbon founded the Trail Riders  
in 1923, first ride in 1924; and founded the Skyline Hikers in 1933,  
first hike in 1933. Both associations became independent in 1961.

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Dr. Murray Gibbon,  
Rider, Hiker, Author,  
and Organizer

The late Dr. John Murray GIBBON, founder of the Trail Riders in 1923 and the Skyline Hikers in 1933, died at the age of 72, July 2nd, 1952. His ashes lie in Banff Cemetery.

He was General Publicity Agent for the Canadian Pacific Railway for many years. He served as the Secretary-Treasurer of both associations as well as being the Bulletin Editor at various times for the associations. His Stoney Indian friends honored him by making him, "Chief Man-of-Many Sides" in 1944. The Geological Survey of Canada named the pass between Twin Lakes and Shadow Lake, "Gibbon Pass" in 1929 (7500' elevation). A modest but beautiful marker identifies the Pass location. The Historic Sites and Mon-

uments Branch of Canada erected a cairn to the memory of the late Dr. Gibbon in 1955, near the main chalet at the Banff School of Fine Arts. Mrs. Gibbon passed away a few years ago. He has a daughter, Ann, who lives in England. His sons, John and Phillip live in Eastern Canada.

Although the idea of the Trail Ride came about in 1923, the first ride took place in 1924 and began as a travelling ride with a new campsite each night. Since 1957, the riders have had four rides a season and this is the second year they will sponsor five rides in a summer. The hikers had travelling hikes for the first two years of their camps and then settled on one location for the duration of the hike thereafter. In 1968 the hikers held two hikes in the summer and in 1970 will be sponsoring three in the Lake O'Hara region. There was an attendance of 171 riders on the five rides in 1969 and 126 hikers on the two hikes.

At the time of going to press, the 47th Trail Riding season has 100 signed up for the five rides, and the Skyline Hikers 38th season has a total of 95 signed up for three hikes.

The riders will be riding in the Egypt Lake area with such treats in store as Lake Eohippus, Monarch ridge, Scarab Lake, the Pharaoh peaks, Sugarloaf mountain, Rock Isle lake and the



area over which Sir George Simpson travelled from Banff and Lake Minnewanka in 1841, as Governor of the Hudson's Bay Co., bears his name in many places, Simpson Ridge, Simpson Pass, the two Simpson Rivers, and Simpson Plateau. The Trail Riders should find the following bit of history of interest.

"When you left Banff this morning there was a flag flying over one of the stores - it was a standard British red ensign - a red flag with a Union Jack in the corner on which had been put three large letters "HBC". It is the proper and official flag of the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1670 Charles II of England granted a charter to the Hudson's Bay Co. to establish a domain and carry on trading operations in Hudson's Bay and in all lands draining into it. Neither the company nor the King had any idea as to the size of the territory thus being turned over, nor did they care. For a number of years the company did not go inland from the Bay, but relied on the Indians to bring the furs to the ocean.

However, competition developed in the form of the Northwest Fur Trading Company and started to go west using the Saskatchewan river. These Northwesters, because of the portages necessary between the Great Lakes and the Hudson's Bay water system, used light birch bark canoes manned by colorful French-Canadian Coureurs-des-Bois, while the Hudson's Bay Co. used much heavier and more economic scows operated by four Scottish fishermen. The latter were a fighting clan and frequent disagreements arose between the members of the two companies. It took a genius like Sir. George Simpson, who had worked for both of the companies at one time or another, to unite them under the banner of the Hudson's Bay Company. Sir George was knighted by Queen Victoria probably about 1840, returned to Canada and decided to see Western Canada enroute to Alaska and Russian Siberia. Sir George insisted on a well organized expedition and he liked a bit of pomp and ceremony as well, consequently he had a Scottish Piper travel with his group and the Governor's arrival was announced by the 'pipes'. So it seems quite fitting that such colorful scenery should have been named for so colorful and dynamic man." (Excerpts from article by the late Sandy Somerville, "Where Simpson Blazed the Way", 1952.)

Healy Creek, named for a business man, Captain J. J. Healy, is the historic route up which Simpson travelled. The place names in the area were given by the Dominion Government surveyor, the late A. O. Wheeler, founder of the Alpine Club of Canada and member of the Skyline Hikers. It has been said that Mr. Wheeler was assigned the Egypt Lake area for surveying purposes, shortly after he had returned from a trip to Egypt. Hence the names Egypt,



Pharaoh peaks, Scarab lake (bright beetle blue) Mummy lake and peak, Sphinx lake and Black Rock lake. Redearth pass was given its name from the soil coloration.

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The Skyline Hikers of the Canadian Rockies will hold their three camps about two miles from Lake O'Hara near a small lake, Schaffer Lake. This was the area where the association's very first hike was held in 1933. Camps have since been held in the Lake O'Hara region in 1936, 1945, 1955 and 1970. Mrs. Dan McCowan in a letter to the editor says, 'give my love to Lake O'Hara and to McArthur!' Just a sample of the many glowing and beautiful comments which are so often made about Lake O'Hara!

Lake O'Hara was discovered in 1890 by J. J. McArthur, the Dominion Land Surveyor, who made a preliminary topographical survey of the mountains, valleys and streams adjacent to the railway between 1886 and 1892. It was named for Lt. Col. Robert O'Hara of West Lodge, Galway, Ireland, who was probably the first tourist to visit the spot. Whether he visited the area many times or just once in 1895, is not quite clear.

The Alpine club of Canada has held 13 camps at or near Lake O'Hara. The first camp was in 1909 in the Alpine Meadows with 190 persons under canvas. World famous mountaineer Edward Whymper attend the 1909 camp. Several Alpine Club buildings are on the meadow at present. The public campground is also located here.

The Canadian Pacific Railway first established their camp at Lake O'Hara in 1920-21 with Mrs. Bill Brewster as the manager. It is said the first guest of this camp was an Italian Prince. Miss Sylva Brewster, known as "Sid" ran the lodge the second year and for many years after her marriage to Mr. Sidney Graves and she remained until 1953, just three days before her death.

Hikers are indebted to Dr. and Mrs. George K.K. Link for the very fine system of hiking trails. They first visited Lake O'Hara in 1928 and the couple came each year for 16 years from Chicago. Dr. Link still visits the lodge each summer.

Mr. Laurence Grassi, Life Member of the Skyline Hikers was appointed assistant warden, residing in a cabin on the lake shore, maintained the trails and rebuilt many parts which were in need of repair. Several years ago Mr. Grassi retired to his cabin in Canmore but loves to talk of Lake O'Hara.

In 1954 the C. P. R. disposed of the lodge to Messrs. Claude Brewster and Austin Ford. Subsequently Mr. and Mrs. Austin Ford of Calgary became the owners of the lovely Lake O'Hara lodge.



Most of the information about Lake O'Hara is from the book by Lillian Gest, "History of Lake O'Hara".

The following is an excerpt from the 1966 Christmas letter of Dr. George K.K. Link, founder of the trails.

"Mr. Richard Kendall, Supt. of Yoho Park, two of his staff and me, had completed a reconnaissance of the Cathedral Basin, as a result of my having found a way into the basin in 1964, a round trip of 15 miles from Lake O'Hara with a total ascent of about 3,000 feet.

The reconnaissance completed a project of path finding, making and marking, without resort to explosives, which was begun in 1933 by Adeline (my wife deceased in 1943) and by me; and continued with enthusiastic support by Margaret (my wife deceased in 1962). This labor of love, to which many contributed time and energy, created a system of footpaths and routes with a total mileage of about 25 miles, now taken over by the National Parks of Canada for maintenance, marking and improvement.

The system of paths as an entity, is dedicated to those women who have profoundly affected my life. The footpath around Lake O'Hara is named for Adeline. Both the Eysa section of the Cataract Path along Cataract Brook, the main stream of the region with a fall of 1,300 feet in seven miles; and Eysa Falls along which the path lies, are named for Margaret. The uppermost section of the Cataract Path comprises two branches, and is named the Quixote-Panza Circuit. The highest view point of All Souls Route is called All Souls Prospect and is located on the ridge terminating above and half way between the larch in the foreground of the scene, and Linda Lake. The name, "All Souls Route" was suggested by two German songs, one consolatory and prayerful composed by Schubert, the other sadly exuberant by Richard Strauss. The words of these songs are poems each named "Aller Seelen" (All Souls) which are commemorative of All Souls Day when graves are decorated with flowers, and candles are lighted at dusk.

The project aimed to make accessible, remote parts of the region, not only to those interested in its rocks, fossils, plants and animals; but also to those seeking aesthetic satisfaction in a beautiful alpine region or in need of retreats for reflection and contemplation."

The following excerpts are from "Hiking in an Alpine Wonderland", by the late Mrs. James Simpson, former president of the Skyline Hikers at the 1936 Lake O'Hara camp.

"On the morning of August 8, the president arranged the different parties under leaders for the hikes, some deciding to take one hike and some another. As there are quite a selection of splendid



trails in the O'Hara district, it was not hard to satisfy everyone. One party chose the southwest trail to Lake McArthur and Odaray Plateau. Equipped with camera, ruck sack, mountain stock and well-nailed boots, our party hiked upwards into a realm of beauty; here the Lyall's Larch holds sway, king of the high latitudes, in a court of Alpine Flora.

One of our members had a small powerful microscope which she let us look through. It is easy to look at massive mountain ranges, deep blue lakes and flowing torrents, but to look at God's work through this microscope and see before one's eyes the intricate detail and geometrical design of a small Speedwell, Saxifrage or seed spire of the Dryas in all its beauty of form and colour, was to each of us like looking into the very soul of nature. The petals of the Marsh Parnassus Grass looked like crystallized china, the stamens like small feathers sprayed with silver and the pistil, like a green star with a sun ray in the centre.

One cannot describe the glory and grandeur of it all. The season being rather dry and hot, had forced everything into bloom early, and although many of the flowers were in seed there still remained great patches of Moss Campion, Alpine Parnassus, Nodding Saxifrage and Veronica Alpina. It was truly a vision of Wild Rockeries. Every crack and corner of the gigantic rock ledges was studded with alpine flora. It was unbelievable: here high above timber line in profusion were the rarest botanical specimens, and at last at the top of the slide we looked down on Lake McArthur - no words could express, no picture ever convey to us the beauty of this wild glacier lake.

We spent the lunch hour exchanging opinions on botany, geology, painting and generally getting to know one another. A brotherhood is born on these trips stronger than any ties of blood, and for the friendships alone these hikes are well worth while.

We came upon an alpine meadow and paused to take a picture of a Ptarmigan and her young. She stood statuesque on a rock, never a quiver except to sound a warning to her little brood. We watched the eagle circle above and dart down against the rocks where it thought the bird to be, then repeat again and again, and still the ptarmigan would sit perfectly still. Nature seemed to speak in her own language this day. A short time before we came along, a bear had crossed the trail. In the mud were his tracks, and almost in the centre of his tracks were those of a Ptarmigan which had obviously taken flight as he floundered along. Around his paw were the foot prints of a mountain gopher. His little tracks did not lead out of the mud so we concluded his fate had been less lucky than that of the Ptarmigan." \*\*\*\*\*

TAKE ONLY PHOTOGRAPHS - LEAVE ONLY FOOTPRINTS!



P R E S I D E N T S' C O R N E R  
(The year for the Ladies!)

TRAIL RIDERS PRESIDENT is MRS. W. W. (Lois) LAYCRAFT, of Calgary, Alberta, Canada. Being in Calgary, she is also the Chairman of the Executive Committee where the action and the work which makes five trail rides possible is centered.

Lois was born in Spokane, Washington. She moved to Ponoka, Alberta and attended the University of Alberta, graduating in 1952 with a Bachelor of Science in Public Health, and worked in the Peace River area as a nurse. She met a handsome fellow, named Wendell Laycraft, who was suffering from Hay Fever. She cured his Hay Fever and sometime later married him. They now have four sons, Jack, Kevin, Guy and Tom, ages 16, 15, 13 and 11, who have hay fever and have to take antihistamines in order to go on the trail rides with their mother. Lois is interested in arts and crafts and enjoys her husband's outdoor hobby of fly fishing.

Lois attended her first trail ride in 1962 on the Pipestone and has gone each year since. She was put on the Executive Committee in 1964 and was Recording Secretary for several years, became a Vice President and is now the President and the Chairman. She, like other trail riders, enjoys the wonderful people who come on the rides and the beautiful mountain scenery.

Husband, Wendell, is a partner in a brokerage firm, and is not fond of horses, but may weaken, just to see what this trail riding bit is all about. Last year the Laycrafts enjoyed a trip to Iceland. Read the "Pony Trekking in Iceland" article by Lois Laycraft which is elsewhere in the Bulletin.

SKYLINE TRAIL HIKERS' PRESIDENT IS MRS. CARVEL (Muriel) PRESTON, of Salmon Arm, British Columbia. Muriel was born in Wales. She was very young when her parents moved to Canada. Childhood memories recall long hikes with her father across the hillsides in Glamorganshire, Wales. Possibly these outings were influential in her decision to join the Skyline Hikers in 1941. Since then Muriel has been a very interested member, enrolling annually whenever possible. She is a Life Member and has been on the Council for several years.

Muriel graduated from High School in Salmon Arm and took her teacher's training in Victoria and later her Bachelor of Education at the University of British Columbia. She is presently a member of the teaching staff of Shuswap School District. She and husband, Carvel live on Hillcrest Road in Salmon Arm. They have two children, Margaret, married, living in Calgary; and Jim, attending U. B. C. in Vancouver. The young members of the family have been on several hikes and they maintain a special interest in the Association.

CHAIRMAN of the Skyline Trail Hikers is Miss Mary Lore, Calgary, who is also editor of the Associations' Bulletin. Mary acts as Camp Director at some of the Skyline Hike camps. Lake O'Hara is one of her favourite areas.



## THE PRESIDENTS - 1970

Mrs. Carvel Preston,  
Salmon Arm, British Columbia  
is the President of the Skyline  
Trail Hikers Association of  
the Canadian Rockies.

Muriel

Preston



Mrs. W. W. Laycraft,  
Calgary, Alberta is the  
President of the Trail  
Riders of the Canadian  
Rockies.

Lois

Laycraft





## PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITIONS

The Second Annual Photography Competition for the "Sandy Somerville" Trophy for the Hikers was arranged by Chairman Bob Louden and the results are as follows:

Sixteen entrants and 57 slides; one print entrant with four prints in the 1969 competition as compared to 23 entrants and 78 slides; four print entrants and 12 prints in the 1968 contest. The judges were Misses Mary Longmore and Phyllis Hart, Mr. Stan Drabble and the scorekeeper, Mr. Bob Jones, all of Calgary.

The winner of the plaque was a first time hiker, Miss Lorna McComb, Calgary with "Morning Mist"; second, a ribbon to Miss Marian Goldstrom of Red Deer with "The Morning After"; and the third ribbon to Miss Georgiana Foster of Champaign, Illinois, for "Garden in the Sun"; an honorable mention to Jack Crossley of Calgary for "Badger Falls". Color print awards (no black and white prints received) to Miss M. Goldstrom for "Lydia Pavka in Camp" and "From Pulsatilla Pass".

The Townsend Trophy Competition for the trail riders was awarded to Mr. Joe Navarro of Windsor, Ontario, who also earned second and third prizes as well, with "Riders in Stream", "Riders near Pulsatilla Pass", and "Riders Enjoy a View". The committee members were Charles Whittaker, Tony Nelson and Anne Wotypka, all of Edmonton.

REMEMBER NEXT YEARS' COMPETITIONS! Take pictures with this in mind. Identify your slides and please give them titles when entering them in any Competition - it gives the picture IDENTITY! Thanks to all those who entered the competitions in 1969.

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HIKERS - please note the 1971 Camp will be in the Skoki area. It is not feasible to have a hikers camp in the Mount Robson area.

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If you are dying to be the Darling of the Donut, take square dancing lessons from Pat Waite - it works every time!

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Retired Winnipeg Bank Manager, Jack McIvor has been travelling around the world to see how they make money in other places, or maybe save it! anyhow we hear he broke his leg playing golf in New Zealand. The president says now she is convinced that trail riding must be safer than golf!

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"Whatever happened to you?" ... "Oh, I just threw a horse shoe over my shoulder!" ... "And then what happened?" ... "Well, it seems there was a horse nailed to it!!"

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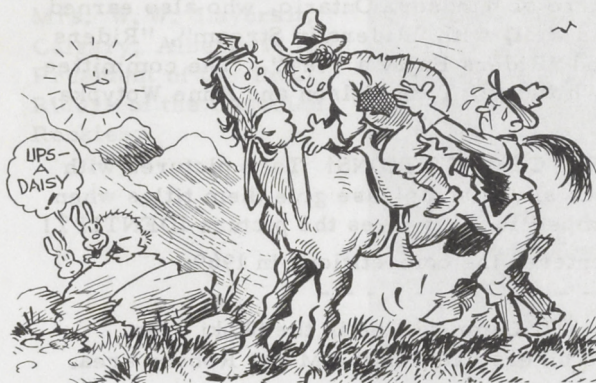
ANTI-POLLUTION should be an activity PRACTICE by everyone and not merely a philosophy to be preached about!



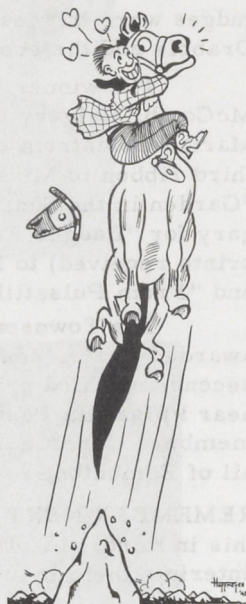
HAPPEN? HAS IT? WILL IT? COULD IT? SHOULD IT?



HASN'T HAPPENED YET!



COWBOY CHIVALRY DOES HAPPEN!



TRAIL RIDING  
ENTHUSIASM  
HAPPENS!



TRAIL RIDERS LUNCH STOP HAPPENS!



YES IT HAPPENED! 1942!



## ROUND - UP TIME IN CALGARY

means to Trail Riders and Skyline Hikers, that day in mid-winter when we can all get-to-gether, see pictures of previous rides and hikes, chit-chat, bring interested friends and prospects for the summer camps, and generally have a great time. The eleventh such Round-up took place Thursday, February 19, 1970 in the Gas Company auditorium (thanks once again to the Canadian Western Natural Gas Company for providing such nice facilities for us). The program was arranged by the respective chairman of the Riders and Hikers; the two secretary-treasurers, were on hand to give out information, accept memberships, and hand out the 1970 brochures. Thanks to Muriel Walter and Lou Shulman for this part.

Dr. Bruce Hatfield entertained the two hundred guests with a whirlwind of beautiful pictures shown on three separate screens at one or at all times, which was followed by Mary Lore's slide show (J. Barber, J. Crossley and M. Lore's slides) of the lovely Lake O'Hara region. A special show by Mrs. Kathleen Hodges Morck on Birds one could see in the mountains was very well received.

A tribute to Uncle Ray Bagley in recognition of his 90th birthday as of January 18, 1970 (by the way the first Round-up which was arranged by Howard Watkins and Mary Lore, was held on Uncle Ray's 80th birthday, Jan. 18, 1960) was given in the form of a short slide show prepared by Jim Barber and M. Lore, pictures of Uncle Ray with Trail Ride horses, girls and flowers.

Lois Laycraft acted as Chairman for the evening, and Mrs. Earl (Dorothy) Lomas and her crew served tea, coffee and cookies during a chit-chat hour.

The Hikers and Riders divided the fourteen teepees on a 'draw number basis' with Jeanne Hunt and Lou Shulman drawing nos. 11, 3, 13, 5, 6, 7, 8, for the hikers and Howard Watkins and Lois Laycraft drawing 1, 2, 4, 9, 10, 12 and 14 for the riders.

Out of town guests which helped make the evening complete were Mrs. Quinton (Edith Edge) Armstrong of Stavely; Marian Goldstrom and Lydia Pavka of Red Deer; Charles Whittaker of Edmonton; Bud and Annette Brewster of Banff; Audley, Esther and David Richards of Seebe. It was also nice to see Don Edge, former chief guide on the rides and hikes for the outfitters, and to know that he is recovering from a serious hand injury received in a combine accident. Nan and Charlie Douglas were also among the many that the committee were most happy to see out at the Round-up. We'll be looking forward to the 1971 Round-up but hope to see you on the trails this summer as well.



## THE PUDDING PROBLEM

by 'Jackie Horner'

Cast: King of the Outfitters, the Queen of the Cooks, and others.

Place: Campsites in the Canadian Rockies.

Time: The Past and Maybe the Present.

Plot: Involves the King vs the Queen; feud, mystery and pudding.

Gossip has it from numerous sources, including hikers and trail riders, that the King of the Outfitters is very fond of, and dedicated to as well as absorbed with a certain package of pudding powder. Where it came from, no one knows and where it is going, no one seems to know, unless of course, the King knows.

Every year since about 1963 (?), a special pony, "Puddin' Head", has packed a special pudding package to the trail riders' camp, then to the skyline hikers' camp, back to the riders' camp, and at the end of the season, back to Banff - unopened! Speculation has it that the King has visions of the Queen of Cooks "cuzinizing up" some delicious desserts from this pudding for the hiking and riding dudes. Circumstantial evidence suggests the Queen hates puddings. She likes pies! More challenge in making pies! More calories to make dudes fat and happy! So the hungry riders and hikers enjoy the Queen's delicious pies!

There is a rumour about that an Emcee heard a Doctor tell a Musician that he had told the King to tell the Queen the pudding was 'medically fit'. Then there is also the myth or fact that on a very dark night, by the light of the milky way, in the year of the Centennial, a Pudding Package was rolled into the garbage heap!

"THE END!" cried the Queen.

"NOT SO!" stated the King.

An unknown source has turned in an unconfirmed report that last year "Puddin' Head" pounded patiently over Pulsatilla Pass with the pudding package, still unopened.

Does the King think that the "Proof is in the Pudding?" and so persists? Will the Queen of the Cooks ever make a "dainty dish" of pudding to set before the King of the Outfitters, and if she does, Will He Eat IT?

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BREWSTER MOUNTAIN PACK TRAINS LTD., Box 964, Banff, are sponsoring summer trail rides, July 27 to August 1, and from August 3 to August 8, 1970 - Price is \$140.00 per person plus \$3. bus fare to the trail head.



## PONY TREKKING IN ICELAND

by Lois Laycraft

Last summer my husband and I holidayed for three weeks in remote and fascinating Iceland. While Wendell was fishing the rivers for salmon I was able to do a little pony trekking, and while I would not exchange a Brewster Cayuse for an Icelandic pony, I did have an unusual and enjoyable time.

The Viking horses are quite remarkable animals, only about thirteen hands high but strong, good-natured and very spirited. They are five-gaited and usually ridden at a pace or the smooth, fast "tölt" which is a sort of running walk. I had a lot of trouble getting out of the stableyard because not a soul in the party could speak English, and no one could explain to me that my horse was waiting for me to pull his head up high and use two quick pulls backward to signal the changes of pace. After much gesturing I finally caught on, much to the relief of the poor little beast who only wanted to please this dumb "cowboy" tourist.

Two ponies are used on extended trips, one being led with pack bags. They are changed about every hour, and each change-over involved passing around flasks of "wodka". Needless to say the trek hadn't progressed many kilometres before everyone was in excellent spirits. I was astounded how quickly my fellow riders began to speak English, and in fact, before the end of the day I was evidently speaking fairly fluent Icelandic!

The saddles used were a comfortable sheepskin-padded English style with open stirrups. I must say I felt rather overgrown when I got all five foot ten of me draped over the pony. It took some adjustment just to get my feet up off the tundra. But there were taller ones than me and never having known a larger horse, they weren't the least bit concerned about appearances.

The most popular treks for tourists as well as Icelanders from other parts of the country were to well-known landmarks such as Geysir, a famous thermal area and Gullfoss, the glorious golden waterfall. The 'basecamp' was in a residential school being used as a summer hostel. Another interesting trip was to Thingvellir, site of the world's first parliament in 930 A.D. Everywhere were strange lava formations, beautiful mosses and lichens and flowers, glaciers and lovely rivers. Now this is sounding like a travelogue. Come to the Round-up next year and I will show my slides! Better still bring Wodka and I'll speak Icelandic!

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One of the former trail riding doctors has been reading about the Parks "Back to Nature" policies and wonders if it means people are to start riding elk, deer or moose! (We don't think so! but 'twas a rugged thought! ed.)



## THE VALUE OF WILDERNESS

by

Dr. Steve Herrero, Canmore

When the European founders of our present North American culture first arrived on this continent they found vast tracts of wild land. This wilderness was not valued by them, instead it was feared as a place where dark shadows were cast and strange demons or enemies lived. The early settlers sought escape from oppression and lack of opportunity in the Old World. They came in search of a promised land where a new and beneficial civilization could be established. Development of civilization required taming and reducing the wilderness and hence reordering and gaining control over nature in what seemed the interests of man. European man launched an all out attack on the wilderness. Today the job is almost finished, little wilderness remains, and developers eagerly compete to make what is left "useful" to mankind.

Wilderness began to assume value only after European culture was well established in North America. Value developed when wilderness came to represent a significant change from the smells and sights of the ever growing cities. Thoreau, Emerson, and many of the transcendentalists were among the first to place a high value on wilderness. Yet Thoreau was a city man who chose to live in a rural, semi-wild area--still in close proximity to his friends and Concord. When he visited a real wilderness near Mt. Katahdin in Maine, Thoreau was overcome and was pleased to return to Concord. Clearly the development of cities and civilization in North America gave wilderness its value. Emerson stated this view succinctly when he advised John Muir to give up his years of wilderness living and come East. "Wilderness," wrote Emerson to Muir, "is a sublime mistress, but an intolerable wife."

Artists, philosophers, and explorers had already begun to find value in wilderness when Darwin's statement of the principle of the evolution of the species gave wilderness one of its greatest values, not only to scientists, but to all humans.

In summary wilderness values developed from the taming of the original North American wildlands and the emergence of a contrasting human civilization; and finally the insight into evolution gave wilderness value a scientific basis.

In order to make this topic clear I will define wilderness in its present day context. First, the term is relative to man because man is the only species that has been able to signif-



## The Value of Wilderness....cont'd

icantly alter the environment. WILDERNESS is an area where the environment has not been significantly nor obviously altered by man, and where the complex interactions between non-human life forms go on, relatively undisturbed by man. These conditions usually require wilderness areas to be fairly large. In the United States, public law 88-577, the Wilderness Act of 1964, requires a wilderness area to include a minimum of 5,000 acres. Perhaps it is useful to imagine a continuum ranging from the middle of downtown New York City at rush hour to the vast high arctic tundra before the oil boom. The tundra defines an extensive wilderness area. I leave it to your creativeness to think of an appropriate term to describe downtown New York City.

Today wilderness has present and potential value for a large segment of mankind. This value stems from a number of different functions that wilderness can serve.

For the scientist wilderness is the theater in which has occurred the drama of several billion years of organic evolution which shaped dinosaur, buttercup, man, and all other living forms. Wilderness is a laboratory where the ecologist can study the dynamic interactions that occur between organisms--their mutual dependencies, and the complex nutrient cycling systems that characterize natural communities. The wilderness biome, regardless of location, has maximum stability and conservation of nutrients, and maximum diversity of plant and animal species for its area. Our planet now suffers from the actions of its human inhabitants. In order to feed and house 3.5 billion people, man has cut forests, and cultivated billions of acres. In doing this he has made ecosystems that are more simple and less stable, indeed much of our energy rich topsoil has gone to sea or has been swept into the atmosphere. At times a cynic is led to believe that there is room on earth for only human beings, yet ecologists have demonstrated how dependent man is upon myriad other species for his own survival. The wilderness is a great laboratory containing unknown secrets of life--waiting to be discovered. Destroy the laboratory and its secrets die with it. The wilderness represents a standard of natural health and balance for plant and animal species. Perhaps scientific study of healthy wildernesses can reveal principles which will help us nurse sick mankind and earth back to health.

Wilderness can also directly help the individual to develop health in the broadest sense--a mental-physical balance, awareness, and integration of the self. Visits to wilderness areas can



## The Value of Wilderness....cont'd

assist in making us aware of the complexity of life and the infinity of the universe. Such an awareness can make the vexations of daily life bearable, and give us new insight into ourselves. William C. Gibson, a specialist in neurological research, said, "The parklands of America are the greatest mental health guides we have." I would qualify this by saying that they can be, but the realization of this depends upon educating people so that they realize the healthy stability of wilderness and the way in which wilderness served to shape mankind's different cultures, and all the forms of life. City living and mass agriculture are recent experiments by our species, previously we lived in wilderness for over 500,000 to 1,000,000 years. Wilderness is clearly a part of us. Common reports of people finding peace and insight in the wilderness may reflect the fact that man evolved in this milieu -- not in cities. Much is said about possible recreational values of wilderness. With respect to health is the re-creational, or rediscovery of the self and the influences that moulded it, that is important.

Wilderness has had and will continue to have a special value for artistic inspiration. But can we place monetary value on the poems of Wordsworth or the waterfowl paintings of Peter Scott? Or for the artists' eye and soul present to some extent in each of us, what is the value of stars, trees, and elk bugling, or a wolf howling through bluish shadows cast in snow by the moon on a winter's night? The common but special natural things we seldom see in the city, in the wilderness the artist can rediscover awareness, and everyone can discover an artists' eye and mind in themselves.

There is a popular conception of wilderness as an area that has not yet found economic value. This view is reinforced by dictionary definitions of wilderness as uncultivated or undeveloped land. These views have forced wilderness supporters to define an economic value of wilderness and have resulted in some very silly but probably necessary nonsense. People in decision making positions, but lacking scientific, artistic, or other appreciation of wilderness, have pushed wilderness supporters into defending the product in terms of its contribution to the economy. So we find studies in which miles driven to wilderness, lodging, supplies, and other wilderness related spending is estimated and thus the contribution to the Gross National Product defined. In itself this dollar evaluation may be interesting to some. When used to represent the main value of wilderness, it grossly ignores other values such as scientific and artistic which are impossible to evaluate in dollars and cents. But now there is hope and a current of change, especially since the Calgary Chamber of Com-



## The Value of Wilderness....cont'd

merce has come to value wilderness, not for its business potential, but for its broader contributions to mankind.

Value depends on people--their attitudes, education, insights, and opportunities. As biological education and leisure time increase, more and more people will come to view wilderness as a great out of door laboratory where the drama of life and evolution is every day on stage. Park naturalists and interpretive centers can foster such value, conversely for those persons who lack this understanding, this value is lost. The teenager who goes to Banff only to race his car has not developed a value for wilderness because of some fault in his education.

The value of wilderness can therefore increase with education and opportunity. Clearly this is now occurring in the United States, where ever increasing numbers of people are rallying to preserve remaining wilderness for themselves and posterity. So Canadians must look clearly into their future and provide LEGAL protection for wilderness areas NOW -- for wilderness can only increase in value and decrease in availability.

Wilderness Value is not always easy to define. There is a direct and obvious value to those fortunate enough to visit and understand wilderness or to gain inspiration or peace from it. Persons receiving this direct value perhaps represent five percent of the North American population. But wilderness also has potential and indirect value. Potential value accrues to those who will discover it in the future, and indirect value to those who will gain health, happiness, or insight into life as a result of discoveries made by scientists studying wilderness, or artists interpreting wilderness.

Is not this potential and indirect value even greater? Thoreau said, "In wilderness is the preservation of the earth." Perhaps some of us do need healthy natural places where we can occasionally escape the problems of living in an environment foreign to our biological design; maybe in wilderness we can discover answers to some of the problems that we face in cities. I think we may be able to use a pond or a star in the wilderness as a mirror, to look and feel within ourselves, and to discover the best that is there.

(Dr. Steve Herrero, lives in Canmore and teaches at the University of Calgary. He was responsible for the article which was published in A.B. 8, 1969 Bulletin about Bears. He is a member of the Executive Committee, Calgary-Banff Chapter of the National and Provincial Parks Association of Canada.)



## THE "ELEVEN" VIEW MOUNT ROBSON

(Aftermath of Pulsatilla Pass Hike)

by George Kendall

As the eyes of the world are focused upon Mount Robson, eleven equestrians journey toward the garden spot of the world. In complete regalia we travelled along the trail viewing the most beautiful scenery the Canadian Rockies offers.

The party was comprised of Marjory Simmons, Catherine McClashan, Joan Jenkins, Stan & Phyllis Drabble, Ian MacKenzie, Jim Norbury, Jim Barber, Bob How, Howard Herrle and George Kendall.

As you would expect, the party started from Canmore, at Howard's cabin; and ended at Berg Lake chalet. Never has anyone experienced such fun and exciting moments as we all did.

Since we all expected something unusual, we were not at all disappointed. First of all, Bob How met daylight, as he and his horse parted company along the trail when a hiker patted the horse and scared the animal. Bob made a good landing on a rock and in some mud; however, his camera was not damaged. After so long a time, Stan Drabble and George Kendall came upon the nest of a hornet. Since hornets and horses do not mix, trouble started. At this point of the ride, the circus had its second act. Stan Drabble's horse reared up and off Stan went into space. No damage or injury to Stan or the horse. While Stan was in the midst of deep trouble, George Kendall's horse took off for a fast run. Since George was accustomed to Texas horses which are immune to hornets, more trouble developed. Just as the horse ran by a tree, "Tex" dived off just like John Wayne does in the movies, grabbed a tree, slid down and had the first bath of the day. The area had received a great amount of moisture a few hours earlier. Soon the party was reorganized and back on that "Beautiful Trail".

Something new could be viewed in any direction you chose to look. The most beautiful scenes were before our eyes all the way. Forging streams on horses offered a new kind of thrill to the famous eleven. The dominating thought was, "How deep is the stream?"

The following three days were spent hiking on the trails out from Berg Lake chalet and from the trails could be viewed scenery of beauty and splendor. Three large glaciers are the main ones on Mt. Robson and each one is quite different. Coleman glacier offers much to the hiker and the climber. Several in our party walked a long distance on Coleman. The second produces much fog and mist. Now Tumbling glacier is truly the



The "Eleven" view Mt. Robson....cont'd

"Ice of Beauty". Huge pieces of ice are falling off continually into Berg Lake. A spectacular sight to see, especially when those ice bergs hit the water with so much force. This area offers so much for the eye and the camera. It is impossible to see all of it in one visit.

The large cedar forest offered the kind of beauty that is so rare. Various rock formations kept the cameras very busy on our trip in to Berg Lake.

We arrived at the chalet about five o'clock in the afternoon but not before people were asking themselves, "When is Berg Lake going to find us?" By this time everyone was convinced he was fit to ride in the Calgary Stampede. A 'Texas Brass Band' (!) met us as we arrived at the chalet. The final finale got under way. The last chapter of a book had just been written as the eleven eased off their mounts. The facial expressions vividly revealed pain, agony and relief. I thought they were from a comic opera. Soon the Texas Horse Laughs started in royal fashion. By the time the poor Texan dismounted, he had become quite confused and he had the names of the ladies in the party mixed up with the names of some of the horses. Now that is what happens when a Texan rides overtime!

The peak of Mt. Robson is not often seen. The clouds do stay on top of the peak for very long periods of time. However, we were very lucky, as one day the clouds lifted and the cameras started clicking. Early one morning at 4:30 a.m., the sun tried to 'burn' through the clouds and a bright pink hue came in full view. It lasted only a few seconds, but the beauty will remain in my mind forever, and it impressed all of us who saw it.

During the three days, other hiking and riding guests came to the chalet. The Cochran family offered fine food and excellent service at the chalet. I highly recommend a visit to Mount Robson if you can possible arrange it. "Tex"

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Footnote by Marian Goldstrom, editor of the Skyliner

"Thanks Tex for telling the trip as only a Texan can tell it. Mt. Robson is on the Continental Divide between British Columbia and Alberta, 56 miles west of the town of Jasper. From the Yellowhead route, the adventuring eleven followed the Robson river through the Valley of a Thousand Falls to Berg Lake. All this is in the shadow of the 12,970 foot Mt. Robson. The ride is about 14 miles." (If interested write to Mount Robson Ranch, Red Pass P. O., British Columbia, Attention: Miss Alice Wright.)



## SUNRISE ON MOUNT FUJI

by

Miss Agnes Konrad, Prince George, B. C.

Word was going around at Sophia University, 1969 summer school session, in Tokyo that a group wanted to climb Mount Fuji. This appealed to me after having conquered the Mt. Assiniboine Skyline hike the previous summer. When the day for the departure came, sixteen people had signed up for the night hike up the mountain. No one in the party knew anything about Fuji except from heresay. It was said to be a three to five hour climb but it could be cold and it might rain, so go prepared. This was to be a night hike so Father Valley, a priest, and the leader of my group, could have a sunrise mass on the top of Mt. Fuji.

Since Mt. Fuji is a volcanic mountain, there are no nice and beautiful trees for shade or relaxation near the top half of the mountain. The volcanic rock is in the form of huge boulders and gritty sand. We did not bring our Canadian hiking clothes and tennis shoes were not the best type of footwear but we had to use them.

A two hour train ride from Tokyo took us to the foot of the mountain. Since we had not made reservations, all the seats were taken, and sitting on the floor of the train got very tiresome after a while. We hadn't brought food either so we ate what was available in outdoor restaurants. They called it chicken and rice, but when I opened mine it was a meal of cold rice topped with a mixture of squid, octopus, mushrooms, seaweed, and a few other odd-flavored vegetables. I could down only a few mouthfuls.

The bus took us to station No. Five. Station No. Ten is on the top and the other nine stations are spaced intermittently. Since the road now goes to station five, most people hike up from there - 7700 feet altitude. By the time we were ready to begin hiking, it was eight o'clock in the evening. Flashlights in hand, sweaters, raincoats, knapsacks with chocolate bars or a few other energy builders on our backs, and we were on our way.

Station six was reached without very much effort on my part in about forty minutes. Two people in our party were giving up at this point. We should slow down, they insisted; but we would never make it if we did. We continued onward. There were some semi-stations of which we were not aware. Good! there is station seven! so soon! It turned out to be six - two. After a short rest, we started out again. My group had dwindled down to seven. We wanted to reach station seven before stopping to sleep. The rocks were becoming larger. Everywhere one looked, people were giving up and just lying down to sleep for a few hours. The numbers



were becoming greater. We were beginning to realize that Mount Fuji was not the place to go to get away from the millions we met every day in Tokyo. They were here with us climbing Fujiyama on a Saturday night to reach the top before sunrise. People were being dragged up, carried up, coaxed, anything, just to reach the top - all ages - children aged three or four and people of sixty or more.

How great to finally reach station seven - four. It was only about 10:30 p.m. and we would have time for a few hours of sleep before we'd continue to the top. It didn't take us long to remove our shoes and sit down on the tatami (rice straw) mats by the warming hibachi (charcoal burner). But no! our leader said we could not stop here as we would never make it to the top by sunrise. But there won't be any room higher up, the station man insisted. Don't believe him! an American in our group insisted, he just wants our money. After considerable discussion we decided to go at least one more station. The next lap was steeper and every step was an effort. Every switchback was a place to stop. The sky had never appeared so clear and filled with stars. Every constellation could be recognized. Then looking down, the masses of people weaving with their lights, like a gigantic snake up the mountain. In the distance three to four cities could be seen like light houses.

About twenty-five soldiers were on the same trek. We were trying to keep pace with them. We did for a while -- but I think they'd had more preparatory training than we had!

After dragging ourselves the last hundred steps, yes it was station eight. No farther. We were going to sit down -- rocks with blankets over them. "Don't sit down!" some one said. Then we realized we'd almost sat down on a number of sleeping Japanese. The hut had been packed and these people hadn't been able to go any farther. There was no alternative for us. We had to go to the next station. From somewhere we received a spurt of energy. My water jug was almost empty and water was being sold for about twenty-five cents per glass. What we thought was station nine was not far ahead - as the crow flies. But it took quite a bit of climbing to reach the hut which later turned out to be station eight - five. No matter how much the station keeper insisted they had a full house, we would go no farther. Our shoes were already off and the fire of the hibachi was restoring our exhausted bodies. Finally the keeper agreed to let us stay and green tea was served. It was 12.30 a.m. Anything to eat? Rice - soup - let's have some!



## Sunrise on Mount Fuji.... cont'd

Even on an empty stomach, eel soup is not very appetizing. The dry bread that one of our group members had in his knapsack, and tea was all I could swallow - but I had plenty of it. All I wanted now was to sleep. This is your mat, the innkeeper told us. Among four of us we had a four by six foot mat... but I slept.

For the next two hours people were coming and going all the time. Sleeping with about thirty other people in a small hut on tatami mats is not a very restful experience. At three o'clock all lights went on. It is time to get up if you want to reach the summit by sunrise. We had no choice. Above our heads through the open window we could see mobs of people milling by. It looked like a mule train on its way to Siberia -- parkas, scarves, mittens and boots. We put on our sweaters and rain coats to keep out the wind and wanted to start out. But where were my shoes? After about ten minutes of searching, I realized someone else must have my shoes, must have thought they were better than what they had. I was without shoes! The station keeper finally "loaned" me a pair of Japanese labourman's shoes. I could leave them there on my way down. I had no intention of doing this since I'd probably go down another way, and especially because I didn't plan to go down barefoot on those volcanic rocks. One of our party spoke some Japanese so he explained this to the kind man. I received many odd looks from Japanese teenagers when they saw my feet but it was better than going barefoot.

We started out somewhat refreshed but before long our energy again was depleted. By now the trek was about five men abreast. Sometimes we would try to stop but we would just get pushed forward with the mob. Everywhere one looked there were bodies reclining off the path. They just could not make it any farther the night before and nothing seemed to wake them now, even with the light of day coming up in the east.

This is what we had come to see -- the sunrise from the top of the world. We didn't quite make it to the top by 5:20 a.m. which was official sunrise time, but it was beautiful -- all the mountain tops below us, lakes, cities, cloud patches -- and we were all above it. This must be something like heaven!

We finally reached the entrance to the top -- yes, there is a gate, and we were there at 6:20 a.m. And it was worth it all -- even with about 10,000 others, mostly Japanese, around us. The top was like a giant fair -- with people lying down all over. Here we were 12,395 feet above the world!



## Sunrise on Mount Fuji.....continued

We saw the gigantic snow-filled crater and then we just rested for about an hour. The priest who wanted to say mass on the mountain top was so exhausted he would rather have had the last rites said for him. He carried the holy stone and wine all the way down the mountain again.

We spent some more time just enjoying the gorgeous view and then started the descent. We took the "running sand" trail. This is volcanic ash about a foot deep and if you are a good skier, this can be taken at great speed. With a bit of rain and lots of wind on the way down, we were hardly recognizable when we got down about three hours later. The bottom station was equipped with basins, soap, and water, all for a price. We washed off the outer layer and continued to the famous Kawakien hotel which has warm baths, Japanese style, and refreshing hot spring pools.

As the Japanese say, 'anyone who does not climb Mount Fuji once is missing the greatest experience of his life, but any one who does it twice is a fool! It was a great experience for me.

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Charles WHITTAKER of Edmonton, Alberta is eighty years of age this year and a trail rider of ten summers. The Edmonton Journal sent their columnist, Richard Finnigan to interview Charlie; and his picture and a nice article appeared in the Monday, March 16th issue. Charlie said some nice things about trail riding and as we all know, Charlie has a remarkable philosophy about life and people, as well as trail riding. He sometimes has gone on several rides in a season and he has acted as emcee at the trail ride campfires. Following are some of Charlie's remarks which appeared in the paper.

"When Charlie Whittaker was 18 he was working his way through heat, dust, bawling cattle and several jars of vaseline as a Montana cowpuncher - the vaseline was to prevent chaffing from 14 hours in the saddle. This was back in 1907 and most of the long-horn cattle were gone and the big cattle drives were over but there was still the open range and the spring and fall roundups."

"The six day ride is the highlight of the year. It is a wonderful combination, meeting new and interesting people in a beautiful mountain setting and it is worth waiting a whole year for."

"The riders come from a variety of countries over the years and I still get correspondence from riders of former years from Japan, New Zealand and Australia. Business men from the city of New Year are regular attenders on the rides."

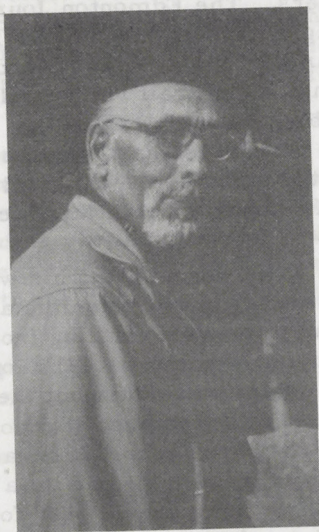




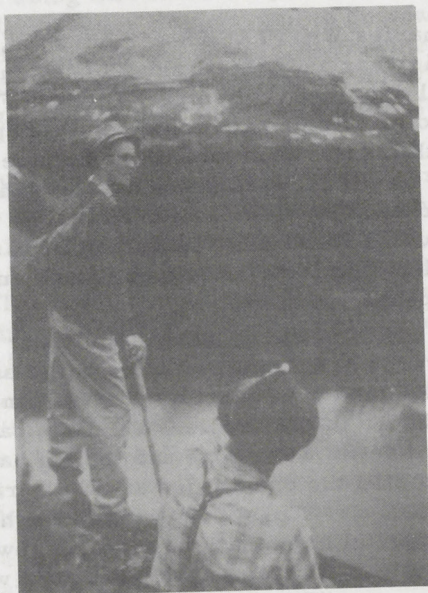
Graham NICHOLS



The Chief's Teepee - 1956  
Pipestone Pass Trail Ride  
Photos by Jim Barber,  
Calgary.

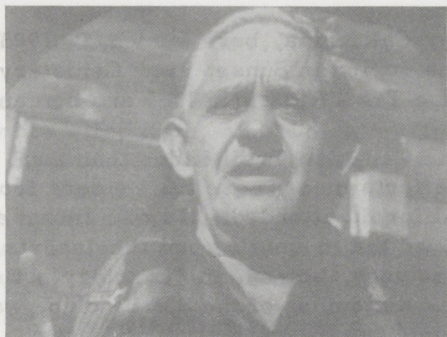


Dr. George K.K. LINK,  
founder of trails in the  
Lake O'Hara region.



Mr. Austin Ford, (left) present  
owner and operator of the Lake  
O'Hara Lodge.





Laurence Grassi, Life Member of Skyline Hikers. Assistant Warden at Lake O'Hara for many years. Maintained and rebuilt the trails.



Mary S. Lore, Calgary, Chairman, Skyline Hikers Executive Committee.

## O B I T U A R I E S

Mrs. Sydney R. Vallance (Doris), was born in Tamworth, England in February, 1891, which was just two and one-half miles distant from Warwickshire where her future husband was born. Mrs. Vallance died in Banff in June, 1969 at the age of 78. The Vallances were married in 1915 in England and after World War I came to the city of Calgary to make their first home. Mr. Vallance became a prominent lawyer in the city and then the couple retired to live in Banff in order to be near the mountains, which they have enjoyed for fifteen years. Their two children, Mrs. W.D. (Jean) Gill and Peter Vallance, the latter a lawyer, reside in Calgary.

The Vallance family were active in the Skyline Hikers and the Alpine Club of Canada for many years. The first Skyline Hike autumn get-to-gether of the Calgary hikers who had hiked together on that summer's hike was held at their home in Calgary in 1947.



Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Vallance, hiking! their favourite pastime.



Mrs. Sydney Vallance (Left), climb on Mount Aberdeen, near Lake Louise.



ROLAND W. DAVIS of Berkeley, California, born March 10, 1903, and died January 8, 1970, and was buried in Sunset View Cemetery, Berkeley. He was president of the Trail Riders in 1965 and he came on his first ride in 1961.

He did more to publicize the Canadian Trail Rides than any other individual and through his efforts many more trail riders from far away places, particularly California attended. He was known as "Prof" to his friends and he enjoyed the mountains and the deserts. He liked spending time studying geology, botany, meteorology, oil painting and photography. He was a member of the Sierra club, was active in Kayak and Canoe clubs in Canada and the United States.

His wife, Jan, said, "The 'Prof' loved all the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies. I am sure his trips with them were some of the happiest times of his life."

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TOM PRIMROSE, formerly of Calgary, agricultural columnist for the Albertan for many years and editor of his own publication, "Field, Horse and Rodeo" for some years, died April 3, 1969, on his farm near High River, Alberta. He attended a trail ride in the sixties, and he was generous with his talent in publicizing the trail rides. He is survived by his wife, Rosemary.

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MRS. Gertrude Elizabeth CROSBY, widow of the late Louis S. Crosby, died at the age of 89 in Honolulu, Hawaii on January 25, 1970. She was born in England in 1880, came to Banff in 1908, married in 1911 and assisted her husband to open Deer Lodge at Lake Louise. She is survived by three sons and two daughters. The funeral was held in Banff. She was an active community worker. She and her husband had been members of the Trail Riders and the Skyline Hikers associations.

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MISS Marion FAWDRY, formerly of Calgary, died in Victoria, B. C. on April 14, 1970 at the age of 85. She was a former professional photographer in Calgary and retired to live in Victoria fifteen years ago. She was a member of many photography clubs, the Alpine Club of Canada and a member of good standing of the Skyline Hikers of the Canadian Rockies. She is survived by a niece in Texas and a nephew, Robert Fawdry of Nanaimo, B. C.

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CLAUDE B. BREWSTER, Banff, Alberta, died August 20, 1969 at the age of 68. He was an active business man and active in the Banff Community affairs. He had been president of the Banff Chamber of Commerce and a member of the town council for many years, as well as being active in the Liberal Party.

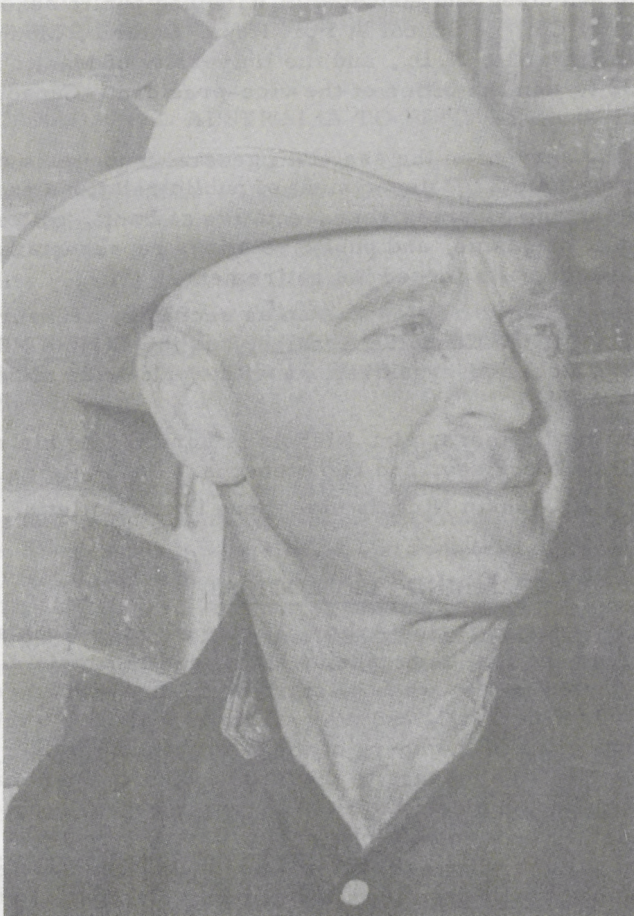
Claude outfitted for the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies for many years, and was a life member of the association. He also



Claude B. Brewster....cont'd.

outfitted for the Skyline Hikers summer camps. He is survived by his wife, Ruth, and two sons, Claude (Bud) of Banff, and Jack of Radium, and six grandchildren.

The funeral was held in Banff with a very large attendance. There were six active pallbearers and nine honorary pallbearers. Mr. Louis W. Shulman acted as honorary pallbearer for the Hikers and Mr. Howard C. Watkins for the Trail Riders.



CLAUDE BAGLEY BREWSTER, Banff

(Courtesy of the Summit News)



GRAHAM NICHOLS, Montreal, 60 years of age, died October 30, 1969, after a long illness. He had been employed by the C.P.R. in Winnipeg, Vancouver, Banff, Calgary and Montreal for 37 years.

Son of the late M. E. Nichols, publisher of the Winnipeg Tribune and later of the Province of Vancouver, and a founding father of the Canadian Press, Graham was one of three brothers. The others are Thomas E. Nichols, publisher of the Hamilton Spectator and former Toronto Telegram News Editor Charles Nichols, now retired.

Born in Winnipeg and educated in Winnipeg public schools, he attended Trinity College School at Port Hope, Ontario, Mount Allison University at Sackville, N. B., and the University of Manitoba which he left in 1932 to join the office of the vice-president, Canadian Pacific, at Winnipeg.

Following service in the assistant general manager's office at Vancouver he joined the department of public relations and advertising in 1939 serving as press representative at Banff, editor of the company's staff magazine, and public relations representative at Calgary. Failing health forced his retirement in 1967.

During his career he served also as secretary-treasurer of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, and the Skyline Hikers of the Canadian Rockies, organizations with world-wide memberships. (1948 to 1959)

Besides his brothers, Mr. Nichols is survived by his wife, the former Hilda Morrissey, and two stepsons. (C.P.R. release).

Note: Picture of Graham Nichols elsewhere in the Bulletin.

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CLIMBING IS LOGICAL

Russell Lines of Spring Arbor, Michigan, says when a man reaches retirement age, then take up hiking and mountain climbing. It all started in 1964 when he started walking with a group along the Washtenaw Trail, and several times walked 100 miles with the group who are members of the International Walkers Association. He also belongs to the Sierra Club and has made 14 trips with them, one being to Hawaii, to visit remote spots on the islands of Kuauai and Molokai. He climbed 3,000 feet down into a canyon village where a former leper colony had existed and then climbed back up while most members flew back to the camp. He says one of his most rugged trips was to British Columbia.

An interesting sidelight to Lines' hiking and mountain climbing is that he never wears socks. In fact, he wears them so in-



Climbing is Logical....cont'd.

frequently that Mrs. Lines says it is a joke among his friends. Word has it that one can tell when cold weather has arrived by merely noting that Russell Lines has donned his socks.

Lines has been on two Skyline Hikes, 1968 and 1969. He would like to see more young people join these organizations because of the health value that this type of activity possesses. He attributes his own vitality to sensible living--he doesn't smoke, drink alcoholic beverages or coffee. He has observed that most mountain people do not have these habits. (Excerpts from an article by Linda Mahoney)

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FROM CANADA AND AUSTRALIA TO PONY TREK IN GLENESK

Bill Rice of Canada, ex-Royal Navy of the first world war, now retired electronics engineer, likes pony trekking in the far away mountains. Normally he goes 3,000 miles to the Rockies to indulge his love of the open air.

This year he is at the Glenesk pony trekking station at Dalbrack, not much more than 3,000 miles from his home.

Every morning his pony is made ready for the day by his grooming it and he wears his balmoral because his grandmother was Scottish.

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NEW TENTS FOR HIKERS

The 38th Hikers' Camp will accommodate the guests in spanking new canvas tents in colors of yellow, green, blue and gray. A few tears have been shed by the veterans as their fond farewell to Teepee Town. However, the tents are new and are said to be by those in the 'know', warmer, cuter, more comfortable and convenient. The summer will tell much as newcomers and veterans try them out and discuss the pros and cons of teepees versus tents, aesthetically and practically!

Conservation and Cost Pressures brought about the change of accommodation to Tents.

The Riders will continue for the moment to have a 'Teepee Town' but the Hikers must think of a new name for their Tent Village. Some of the suggestions which have come in to date are: Hikersvilla, Hikerville, Kamp Kontent, Bungavilla, T-T, Tent Town, Mountain Mansions, Camp-Inn, Hike-Inn, Hikers Inn, and so it is anticipated that a suitable and popular name will come about.

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Digging wells is about the only business where you do not have to begin at the bottom!



## GENERAL INFORMATION

LIFE MEMBERSHIPS ARE AVAILABLE from the Secretary Treasurer upon the payment of \$25.00 from Trail Riders who have attended at least enough camps to have ridden 500 miles and the \$20.00 from Skyline Hikers who have attended at least one hike. The late R. H. Palenske of Woodstock, Illinois, designed the beautiful scroll type membership certificates.

### TRAIL RIDERS MILEAGE BUTTONS AND CRESTS -

Button and safety clasp pin styles: Bronze (50 mile) \$2.50; Silver (100 mile) \$3.50; Silver and enamel (250 mile) \$4.00; Gold (500 mile) \$5.00; Gold and enamel (1,000 mile) \$6.00; All enamel (2,500 mile) \$6.00. Colorful felt crest (4 inches in diameter) price is \$3.50.

### SKYLINE HIKERS MILEAGE BUTTONS AND CRESTS -

Red or Yellow boot pin or button (eligible to purchase after one hike or 25 miles hiking with the Skyline Hikers) \$3.50; colorful felt crest (4 inches in diameter) price \$2.50.

HATS AND PROPER BOOTS FOR either RIDING or HIKING are necessary for a mountain holiday as your comfort on such trips is most important. It can be HOT! In the high altitude many a person has regretted not having worn a HAT and proper BOOTS! BE SURE TO FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS in the 1970 brochure.

BRING AN EXTRA SUPPLY OF FILM - you will surely need it!

-----  
Wedding - Miss Judy Midgley (hiker) and Michael Simpson, now of Calgary and formerly of England, met at Christ Church, bell-ringing and were married in May, 1969.  
-----

THOSE OTHER DAYS - \$3.50, Ray Bagley's poems, available in an attractive blue bound book, from DeMille's book store in Calgary, Art Den, Banff and from his Calgary residence -

807 - 22nd Ave. N.E., Calgary 64, Phone 277-0673  
(Please include postage if ordering from the residence)  
-----

### HOW TO DIE IN THE MOUNTAINS...unknown

Seek no wisdom, Leave no word,	Do not fret if, you've no skill,
Common sense, Is too absurd.	Birds like you are hard to kill.
Bring no extra food or gear,	We beg of you before you die,
You won't need them, never fear.	Just pick a place that's not too high.

-----

What is the difference between a donkey and a stamp?

A. 1 One you lick with a stick and the other you stick with a lick!

A. 2 - If you don't know, you better see a psychiatrist!



## ANOTHER TRUE "BEAR" STORY

Cast: A Bear, three photographers and one boy.

Place: Rampart Creek campground, Jasper National Park

Time: August, 1969 - early one evening after nightfall

It seems that Alma and Valerie were camping in a tent. Tom and his son, Ric, were in a camper close by. Valerie had gone to bed in the tent. Alma decided to get something out of the car before retiring and at the same time planned to lock the car for the night. Alma opened the front door and looked in. There was a strange hissing sound coming from the rear of the station wagon. She looked up into the face of a bear who had come in via the rear door and was very busy in the food box just behind the front seat. Alma closed the door hastily. She banged on the window in an effort to persuade the bear that it was time to leave. He didn't! He kept on eating! Alma shouted to Val that a bear was in the car. Val yelled to Tom and Ric that a bear was in the car. Tom and Ric were listening to the radio and did not hear the 'bear news'. Val flew out of the tent and slammed the rear door of the station wagon on her way to bring "Tom to the Rescue"! At that moment the bear was inside the car with all the doors closed. It was time for the bear to get excited and he did! After all he could not open the doors nor could he drive the car but he did climb into the front seat and looked out the window at Alma! Alma knew he had no driver's license so she opened the door to let him out and she ran around to the other side of the car. The bear took advantage of the open door and he lept out of the station wagon and made a hasty retreat into the darkness.

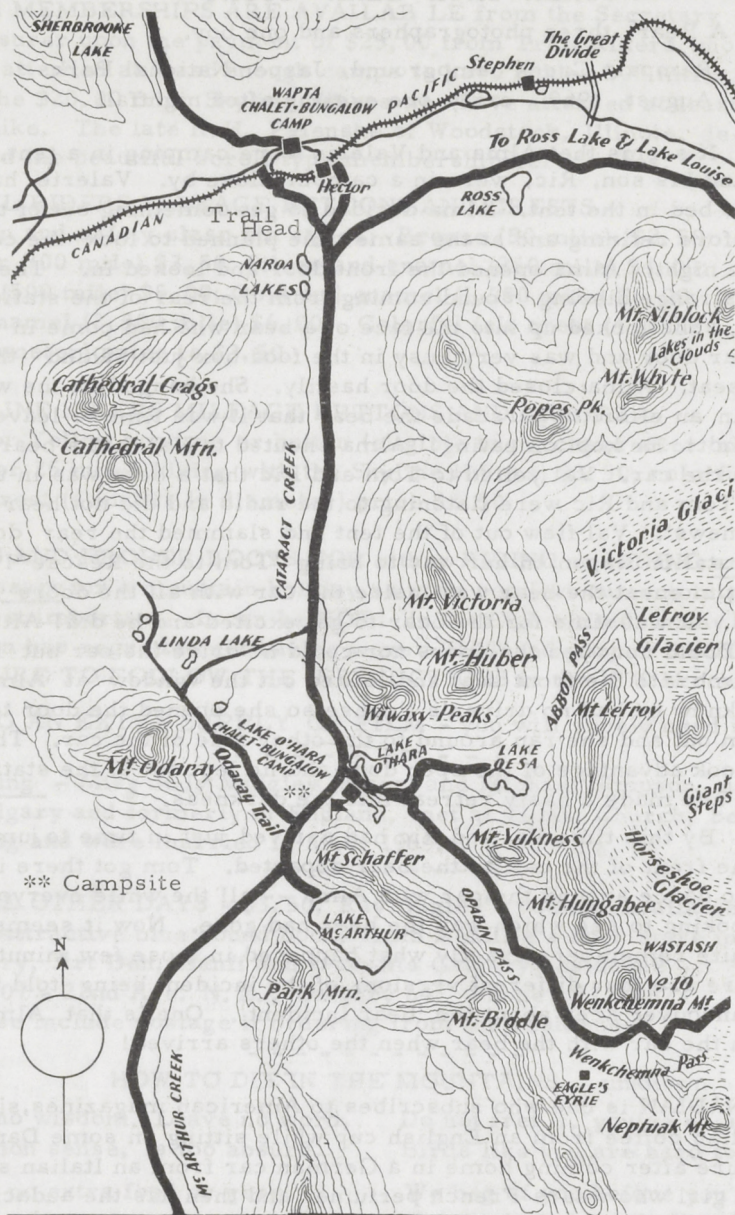
By this time Val and Ric had arrived just in time to jump into the front of the car as the bear departed. Tom got there in time to dance around the car with Alma -- all the while everyone was looking to see which way the bear had gone. Now it seems no one quite remembers exactly what happened in those few minutes as there are four different versions of the incident being told in the Vancouver area about the 'bear incident'. One is that Alma was in the car with the bear when the others arrived!

- - - - -

A CANADIAN is one who subscribes to American magazines, sips Brazilian coffee from an English cup while sitting on some Danish furniture after coming home in a German car from an Italian show with a girl who wears French perfume, and then has the audacity to write to his Member of Parliament with a Japanese ballpoint pen demanding that the Member do something about all the Gold that is leaving the country. (Supervisors' News Bulletin, Toronto)



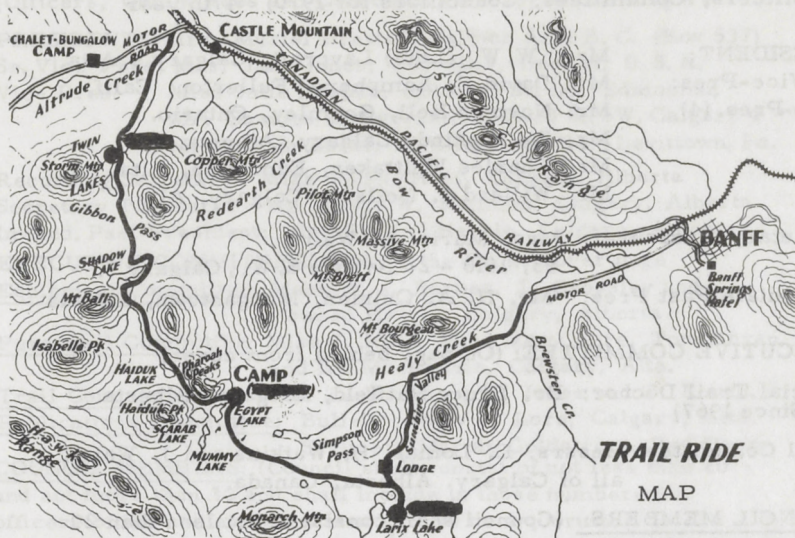
# SKYLINE HIKERS - 1970



Trails for Sky Line Hikers 'round Lake O'Hara.



## TRAIL RIDING AREA IN 1970



Trail Blazing Methods?

### Simple Semantics

I "won't" is a tramp  
 I "can't" is a quitter  
 I "don't know" is too lazy  
 I "wish I could" is a wisher  
 I "might" is waking up  
 I "will try" is on his feet  
 I "can" is on his way  
 I "will" is at work  
 I "did" is now the boss!

-----

Do you think there are really people who spend money they don't have to buy things they don't need to impress people they don't like! I don't believe it!

-----

A Banff dealer led in a horse he had been exercising -- it was a bit of a swayback -- result of many trail riding seasons -- and presented him to the prospective buyer.

"Isn't he a Fine Horse! Don't you admire his Coat!"

"The Coat seems fine, but I don't like his Pants!"

-----

Cowboy to new dude: (with young nervous mount) "Hey! why are you putting your hand in the horse's mouth?"

New Dude: "Gee, I'm not!! I'm only trying to get it out!!"



TRAIL RIDERS OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES - Founded in 1923  
(Officers, Committees, Councillors for 1970) 47th year

PRESIDENT: Mrs. W. W. (Lois) Laycraft, Calgary 9, Alta.  
Sr. Vice-Pres: Mr. David E. Lamphere, Fullerton, Calif.  
Vice-Pres. (4) Mr. Norman Bell, Gormley, Ontario.  
Mr. Sol Lipkind, Calgary, Alberta.  
Mr. Charles Whittaker, Edmonton, Alta.  
Mr. Willard J. Neilson, Calgary, Alta.

Secretary-Treasurer: Mrs. Muriel E. Walter  
#3, 1610 - 28 Avenue S. W., Calgary 7.

Immediate Past Pres: Mr. H. A. Quinlan, Morgantown, Indiana

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: (On page behind front cover)

Official Trail Doctor: Dr. Bruce Hatfield, Calgary, Alberta  
(Since 1967)

Trail Committee: Messrs. E. Lomas, H. Watkins and J. Waite,  
all of Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

COUNCIL MEMBERS: (Council shall consist of not less than 20  
and not more than 30 members and shall include in those numbers,  
the officers of the society - ten members to be a quorum.)

ALGER, Ross P., Calgary	LOMAS, Earl, Calgary, Alta.
COLLINS, Miss J. New York	LORE, Miss Mary, Calgary.
GRAHAM, Dr. J., Great Falls	MCIVER, J., Winnipeg, Man.
HARDY, Dr. G., Calgary	ROBINSON, Mrs. J., Calgary.
HATFIELD, Dr. Bruce, Calgary	SCAPARONE, Miss Mirra,
HOUGHTON, S., Reno, Nevada	San Francisco, Calif.
JONES, W. L., Bloomington, Cal.	SCHLUETER, W., San Rafael, Cal.
KINCAID, James, Oakland, Cal.	SMITH, Mrs. M., Edmonton
LAUDER, Drew A., Winnipeg.	WILLMAN, Orville, Rosamond, Cal.
LINDSAY, Mrs. J., Edmonton	WOTYPKA, Anne, Edmonton, Alta.

PAST PRESIDENTS AND HONORARY MEMBERS

Adaskin, Mrs. F., Toronto	Kirkland, W. Oak Park, Ill.
Bardwell, W., Barington, Ill.	Laidlaw, Fred, Vancouver (H.)
Bearspaw, Johnnie, Morley	Lomas, Earl, Calgary.
Beil, Charles, Banff, Alta.	Mather, Ralph, St. Paul, Minn.
Coleman, H. T., Montreal.	McVeigh, D. C., Drumheller
Cromwell, Mrs. E., New York	Moore, Mrs. P., Banff, Alta.
Crump, N. R., Montreal.	Muirhead, Dr. Dorothy, Hastings, Minn.
Diverty, M., Woodbury, N. J.	Petrie, John, Q. C., Calgary, Alta.
Douglas, Charles, Calgary.	Price, Dr. H. W., Calgary, Alta.
Dunn, Charles M., Regina	Quinlan, H. A., Morgantown, Ind.
Fuerst, Mrs. W. A., Cincinnati	Robinson, Mrs. J., Calgary
Gillespie, Dr. A., Thunder Bay	Ryan, Dep. Comm. RCMP, Regina.
Hoffmeyer, Keith, Indianapolis	Waite, Jack, Calgary, Alta.
Hollander, Sidney, Baltimore	Watkins, Howard C., Calgary.
Hutchison, J. A., Ottawa, Ont.	
Kincaid, James W., Oakland.	



SKYLINE TRAIL HIKERS OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES - Founded 1933  
(Officers, Committees and Councillors - 1970) 38th Hiking Year.

PRESIDENT: Mrs. Muriel Preston, Salmon Arm B. C. (Box 537)  
Sr. Vice-Pres: Mrs. Jane Jones, Corvallis, Oregon, U. S. A.  
Vice Pres: Miss Julie Hrapko, 11816-135 Street, Edmonton.  
Mr. Charles J. Everest, 2226-19 St. SW, Calgary 4  
Miss Helen Ebert, 57 Cleft Rock Rd., Levittown, Pa.

Recording Secretary: Miss Jeanne Hunt, Calgary, Alberta  
Secretary Treasurer: Mr. Louis W. Shulman, Calgary, Alberta  
Immed. Past President: Mr. Howard Herrle, Calgary, Alberta

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: Behind the Front Cover page

Equipment Committee: Messrs. J. Barber, J. Crossley and  
Howard Herrle, Calgary, Alberta

Personnel Committee: Miss J. Hunt, Miss Mary Lore, Tom Royan  
and Ian MacKenzie, Calgary, Alta.

Trail Committee: Messrs. L. Shulman, R. Jones and T. Royan.

Publications Committee: Bulletin: Mary S. Lore, Calgary, Alta.

Skyliner, Marian Goldstrom, Red Deer.

COUNCIL MEMBERS: (Council shall consist of not less than 20

and not more than 30 and shall include in those numbers the  
officers of the society - ten members to be a quorum.)

AINSLIE, Jim, Edmonton, Alta.

BARBER, P. J., Calgary, Alta.

~~BETTS, Ken, Calgary, Alta.~~

BOCKING, Doug., Saskatoon.

CARR, Mrs. Frances, Calgary.

CHAMBERLAIN, L, Athabasca.

CLEARIHUE, Dr. J., Victoria.

CROSSLEY, J. C., Calgary.

CROZIER, Miss T., Calgary.

DRABBLE, Stan., Calgary.

ENGLISH, Mrs. Hilda, Edmonton

EVEREST, Mrs. C. J., Calgary.

FALLIS, A., Athabasca.

FODOR, Fred, Marysville, B. C.

GISH, R. B., Red Deer, Alta.

GORRILL, Miss Glenna, Red Deer

HANKINS, Dr. Gerald, Calgary

HOW, Bob, Taber, Alberta

JORDAN, Miss Doreen, Calgary

LANDRY, Mrs. R., High Level.

LOUDEN, Mrs. R., Calgary

LINE, Russell, Jackson, Mich.

MURRAY, Major J. L., Dundurn,  
Saskatchewan

NIELSEN, Miss Gurlie, Vanc.

NORBURY, James, Calgary.

PARKER, Miss May, Calgary.

RENSAA, Egil, Edmonton.

SCHOCK, Miss Tillie, Calgary.

WARREN, Hubert, Victoria.

WILSON, Mrs. Bessie, Victoria.

PAST PRESIDENTS AND HONORARY MEMBERS

Bell, Mrs. F. C., W. Vancouver, B. C.

Boyd, Miss E., St. Catharines, Ont.

Carter, Wilf., Winter Pk., Fla. (Hon.)

Chanter, F. H., Victoria, B. C.

de Lacy, Miss Bea, Portland, Ore.

Diverty, M. H., Woodbury, N. J.

Galbraith, Miss J., Lethbridge.

Gest, Miss Lillian, Wynnewood, Pa.

Herrle, Howard, Calgary, Alta.

Hollander, Sidney, Baltimore, Md.

Hunt, Miss Jeanne, Calgary, Alta.

Jones, Robert L., Calgary, Alta.

Kendall, Geo., Amarillo, Texas

Laidlaw, Fred, Vancouver, B. C.

Lore, Miss Mary S., Calgary.

MacKenzie, W. Ian, Strathmore.

MacFarland, Mrs. J., Villanova, Pa.

McCowan, Miss Marg., Brandon.

Martin, Geo. C., West Vancouver.

Shulman, Louis W., Calgary, Alta.

Siegfried, Miss J., Wichita, Kansas.

Somerville, Dr. Ian C., Abington,  
Pa. (Charter Mbr. 1933)

Story, Mrs. Charles, Toronto.

Vallance, Sydney R., Banff.

Wheeler, Mrs. A. O., Victoria.



## L I F E M E M B E R S

## TRAIL RIDERS

Atkin, Dr. J. M., Banff, Alta.  
Bagley, Ray, Calgary, Alta.  
Bell, Miss M., Toronto, Ont.  
Blakney, P. J., Verona, N. J.  
Carter, Wilf., Winter Pk. Fla.  
Diversity, Marshall, Woodbury, N. J.  
Dore, Mrs. Pearl, Baltimore, Md.  
Douglas, Mr. & Mrs. C., Calgary  
Duclos, Aubrey, Edmonton, Alta.  
Eames, Mrs. Frances, Toronto  
Fuerst, Mrs. W. A., Cincinnati  
Harbison, Miss A., Philadelphia  
Henry, Mrs. J. N., Gladwyne, Pa.  
Hollander, Mr. & Mrs. S., Baltimore  
Joyce, Mr. Wallace, Toronto, Ont.  
Kaufman, E., Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.  
Kelly, Miss D., South Bend, Ind.  
Laidlaw, Fred, Vancouver, B. C.  
Lomas, Mr. & Mrs. E., Calgary  
Lore, Miss M. S., Calgary, Alta.  
Mather, Ralph, St. Paul, Minn.  
Merrill, Miss E., Brookline, Mass.  
Laycraft, Mrs. W. W., Calgary  
Mitchell, G. L., Rutherford, N. J.  
Moore, Mrs. Phillip, Banff, Alta.  
MacFarland, Mrs. D., Vallanova, Pa.  
MacNichol, Mrs. R., Calgary  
McCorkle, Miss A., Bloomsbury, Pa.  
Moody, Miss Eva., New West. B. C.  
Nicolis, Fred Jr., Reading, Pa.  
Priestley, Mrs. B., Winnipeg, Man.  
Reid, Mrs. Chas., Banff, Alta.  
Robinson, Mrs. J., Calgary, Alta.  
Shephard, Mrs. G., Fleet, Hants  
Sieburth, Mrs. M., Vancouver, B. C.  
Smith, Elizabeth, Wyncote, Pa.  
Stowell, Averill, Tulsa, Okla.  
Vaux, Geo., Bryn Mawr, Pa.  
Watkins, Howard C., Calgary  
Williams, J. F., Vancouver, B. C.  
Willis, Miss Hilda, Bristol, Eng.  
Woolnough, W. H., Montreal, P. Q.  
Woolley, Miss R., Woodbury, N. J.

## SKYLINE HIKERS

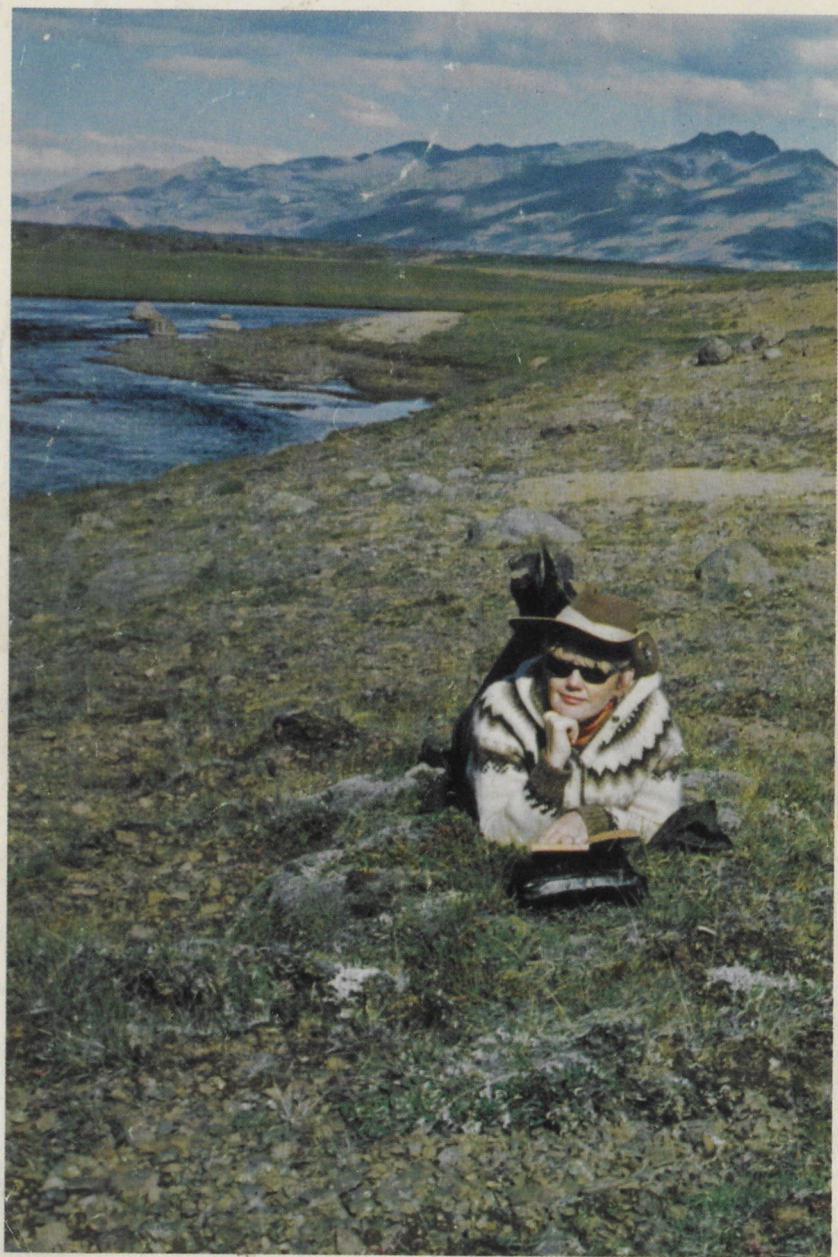
Bell, Mrs. F. C. W., Vancouver  
 Boyd, Miss E., St. Catharines, Ont.  
 Catt, Mrs. N., Victoria, B. C.  
 Clearihue, Dr. J., Victoria, B. C.  
 Conant, Rev. Ruth, Hartford, Conn.  
 Crossley, J., Calgary, Alta.  
 Crowther, Miss E., Philadelphia  
 Crozier, Miss Thelma, Calgary  
 Frost, E. S., Calgary, Alta.  
 Galbraith, Miss J., Lethbridge  
 Gest, Miss L., Wynnewood, Pa.  
 Gifford, Miss A. F., Ottawa, Ont.  
 Gill, Mrs. W. B., Calgary, Alta.  
 Goldstrom, Miss M., Red Deer,  
 Grassi, Laurence, Canmore, Alta.  
 Harter, Miss Faye, Grabil, Ind.  
 Hendrie, Miss M. P., Victoria, B. C.  
 Hollander, Mr. & Mrs. Sidney,  
     Baltimore, Maryland  
 Hunt, Miss M. Jeanne, Calgary  
 Jones, Mrs. J., Corvallis, Ore.  
 Jones, Robt. L., Calgary, Alta.  
 Kendall, Geo., Amarillo, Texas  
 Kieser, Portia E., Toledo, Ohio  
 MacKenzie, W. Ian, Strathmore  
 McCowan, Mrs. D., Cloverdale, B. C.  
 Moore, Mrs. P. A., Banff, Alta.  
 Norbury, James, Calgary, Alta.  
 Preston, Mrs. M., Salmon Arm, B. C.  
 Priestley, Mrs. B., Winnipeg, Man.  
 Rensaa, Mrs. T., Edmonton, Alta.  
 Riley, Mrs. R. C., Calgary, Alta.  
 Shulman, Louis W., Calgary, Alta.  
 Siegfried, Miss Jerry, Wichita, Kan.  
 Somerville, Ian C., Abington, Pa. (CM)  
 Vallance, Peter, Calgary, Alta.  
 Wade, Miss Eva., Edmonton, Alta.  
 Wheeler, Mrs. A. O., Victoria, B. C.  
 Whyte, Dr. Catherine, Banff, Alta.

The late R. H. Palenske, artist, rider, and hiker, designed the membership scrolls - see Life Membership fees.









PRESIDENT LOIS LAYCRAFT NEAR HITARA RIVER, WEST ICELAND, 1969